Lordinges listen and you shal here
Of elders that before vs were
:: :: That lived in lande and dede
Jesu Christ heauen kynge
Graunt them all his dere blessing
And heauen to their meede
We shall wel heare of a knyght
That was in warre full wyght
And doughtie of his deede
His name was sir Isenbras
Man nober then he shas
Lived none wyth bread
He was long ly large and long
With limbers bronde and armes strong
That myghtie was to see
He was an hardie man and hye
All men hym leued that hym se
For a gentle knight was he
Harpers loued hym in hall
With other minstrels all
For he gaue them gold and fee
He was as curteise as men myght thynke
Liberall of meat and drinke
In the world was none sobre
He had a Ladie ful of beautie
And also ful of charitie
As any Ladie myght be
Betwene them they had children thre
Fayrer fodes myght no man se
Under the cope of heauen
For worldly wealth and pryde he fell

Ritson Ancient Engl. Metr. Rom. vol. 2
Reprinted in the Bibliotheca Heberiana.
See M.N.R.II.1 and MS.

All

On God he thought neuer a dell
Nor on goſſlie thing
So longe he ſynned in that pryde
So longe wold our Lorde abide
So after it befel on a date
That this knyght went hym to plate
His foreſt for to ſee
As he loked vp on hye
He ſaw an aungel in the ſkye
Which toward hym gan flie
Iſenbras he laide there
Thou haſt forgotten what thou were
For pryde of golde and fee
Therfore our Lord ſaith to the ſe
All thy good thou muſt forgo
As thou ſhalt her after ſee
The worldes welthe ſhall fro the fall
Thou ſhalt loſe thy children all
And al thy landes free
& thy Ladie goodlieſt of all
For feare of hym ſhall fle thy hall
This daye or thou her ſee
The knight fel downe vpon on his kne
Underneth an Olive tre
And held vp both his handes
And then againe thus ſaid he
Lorde God in trinitie
Welcome be thy ſoundes
while I am yonge I may wel go
when I am olde I may not ſo
Though that I fayne wolde